



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

ZULBAR;

AN INDIAN TALE.

You shall no longer deceive me, weak and treacherous mortals!—Too long have I paid homage to your feigned virtues; too long to believe you good, have I shut my eyes to your actions, and only listened to your words. When you wished to appear inestimable, I never failed to admire you, and willingly lost sight of you during the time you were no longer so. I am at last weary of witnessing this long convention of lies, which we sign upon our entrance into the world. I no longer see any thing but what is despicable in this assemblage of animals, who are, at the same time, proud and low, envious and contemptuous; agitated in every contrary sense by the desire of praise, by their indifference to virtue, by the love of idleness, by the desire of activity; who torment themselves for a pastime, and destroy themselves to be able to exist.

Nature, in treating them according to their deserts, condemns them to a crowd of evils. But these evils were not sufficient, and

they agreed among themselves to invent a thousand others, with the hope that their neighbours might endure them; and of all their agreements this is the only one they have not violated. But why these unavailing complaints? I am like the slave who was sent by his master to a wretched caravansy. "If you find yourself comfortable there," said he to him, "you will wait for me; I shall not fail to be with you in a few days: if not, nothing ought to prevent your leaving it without me. The slave expected him in despair:—the fool did not see the door!"

Thus spoke Zulbar, who, though in the prime of youth, had experienced injustice and ingratitude.—He was in an immense wood; all around him was solitary and silent. A tremendous storm had just covered the earth with streams of rain and hail; flashes of lightning were still perceptible amid the sombre foliage; thunder was still heard at a distance; and the unhappy Zulbar, fatigued, and wet by the storm, banished from his country, wandering, and covered with rags, walked slowly, his head bent down under the branches of the cocoa trees. On a sudden, yielding to

his last reflections, he stopped, drew his dagger, and raised his arm to plunge it into his breast, when he heard a voice that exclaimed, "Respect thy days, thou mayest be useful to me."

"Ah! I am weary of being useful, answered he, with disdain—I have only found ingratitude. However, while saying this, he had lowered his dagger, and, by an involuntary motion, advanced toward the spot whence the voice proceeded. Discovering no one near him, "where art thou," he exclaimed, "hasten to appear.—What dost thou require?"—"I require," replied the voice,—"that you should stop by the side of this hedge of eglantine; look nearer the ground and raise that rose leaf whose weight prevents me from moving."

Zulbar astonished, looked, and at last saw the rose leaf, raised it with the point of the poignard, which he still held in his hand, and then discovered an ant, that, shaking the rain with which it was encumbered, and wiping it off with its antennae, came and placed itself at the feet of Zulbar, and looking at him, said:

"Thanks be to thee, generous stranger! For an hour I have been under that leaf, and had only been able to disengage my head. Without your charitable assistance I might perhaps have perished, which would have grieved me much, as I am very well contented

with my station. You appear to be much dissatisfied with yours. I have heard your bitter complaints; I saw you on the point of terminating your existence. What pleasure I should feel, my dear benefactor, if I could contribute in any way to render your life more supportable."

"And, who are you then, answered Zulbar, more astonished than ever? how is it that you have the power of speaking and reasoning?" "You would be much embarrassed, rejoined the insect, if I were to ask you the same question. But I will explain to you who I am; commence by relating your misfortunes; perhaps my advice may be useful to you. From what I heard you say, it appears that you have much to complain of men, which does not surprize me, as I know that almost the whole of them are wicked. However, I think it possible to avoid their malice with a little care, and I have seen but very few unhappy beings who have not drawn their misfortunes upon themselves."

"You are severe, interrupted the Indian, and you will, doubtless, persuade me that the leaf which crushed you fell by your fault."

Speaking thus, Zulbar seated himself close to the ant. The insect, better to hear him, climbed on the branch of a wild rose bush; and Zulbar commenced his history in the following terms:



"I am the son of a rich jeweller of the town of Tipra. My father, satisfied with the fortune he had acquired by his labours, did not bring me up to his trade. He built a handsome house in a village at some distance from the capital, purchased the surrounding lands, and left me at the age of eighteen, possessor of a domain as extensive as it was useful, a charming retreat and a great quantity of ready money. I had a sister, younger than myself, named Balkis, remarkably beautiful, and of a very amiable disposition. We were so tenderly attached, that we had promised each other never to separate.

"Both possessing a fortune greatly above our wants, we endeavoured to employ our riches in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures. Our house was open to our neighbours, to all strangers and travellers, and was also the assylum of the poor. Our fortune was almost wholly devoted to hospitality and benevolence. My sister had reserved to herself the department of giving alms, assisting the sick, and presenting the young maidens who were poor, with dowries, to enable them to find respectable husbands. I had taken upon myself the charge of furnishing with work all the laborers who were in need of bread, and doing the honours of our house: on each festival our good villagers were certain of finding under our roof a homely, yet plentiful repast, which we shared with them. Then

musicians were called in, dances enlivened the whole evening, and our guests, when they bade us farewell, crowned our brows with flowers, kissed our hands with tears of joy, and besought Heaven to watch over our prosperity.

"For four years I enjoyed that peaceful bliss, the charms of which are only known when it has fled away! My wishes were limited; no regret blasted my rest; I loved my sister, and was loved by her: this tender affection contented our souls. I heard blessings showering from every side on the name of Balkis; she sometimes heard praises of her brother, and this was the sweetest reward of our actions. In a word, I was the happiest of men, when one morning I received the visit of a young fakir who lived in our neighbourhood, and who every week was supplied with provisions from our table.

"Zulbar, said he, do you know the news? No, I replied, what has happened? The Queen of Tipra is dead, and the king has caused an edict to be published, by which all the young maidens of the kingdom, from the age of sixteen to twenty, are obliged to repair to an immense field in the vicinity of the capital. In the middle of this field is a narrow path, strewn over with the finest sand, on which some mysterious characters are to be lightly traced, with the end of a wand. All the young maidens are successively to run

over this path, and she whose light foot steps will leave the characters uneffaced shall be Queen of Tipra.

"Why should I care, I replied, whom the king marries, the lightest or the heaviest of his subjects? How! exclaimed the fakir will you not obey the King's commands? must not your sister Balkis repair to the field? Heaven, to reward her virtue, will place her on the throne. Think on the glory that waits her, and what scope she will have to exercise her benevolence. Think also, that her brother Zulbar, whose wisdom and talents have been comparatively lost in this obscure village, will perhaps soon dedicate to the happiness of a whole nation, these talents, for which he is accountable to God. In short, beware of forgetting, that religion and morality forbid you to oppose the will of Heaven.

"This awakened various reflections. My affection for Balkis, the hope of seeing her on a throne, which I felt she would grace; the consciousness that she would pour happiness on her subjects, and the desire —

"Of being her minister," interrupted the ant; "this was the motive which caused your decision, without your having even acknowledged it yourself. I know how to appreciate those disinterested sentiments in which our own interest is enveloped, and in which we conceal our ambition and vanity even from ourselves. You remind me

of a certain fox, who one day was caught in a snare. See, said he to me, with a plaintive voice, what it costs me for loving my brothers too well. In passing by this trap, I feared that the bait it contained might draw some innocent fox to his ruin; I wished to remove it, and fell into the snare.

"But I will say no more, Zulbar, for I see you are very unhappy. You may proceed with your history."

"One would imagine that you are already acquainted with it, continued the unfortunate Indian. I conducted my sister to the field, and she was chosen by the king.— From that moment she became the mistress of the kingdom, and had all the places at her disposal. Honours were heaped upon me, I was the favourite of the court, and received universal homage from all ranks of people. I was young, rich, credulous, and the favourite's brother. The nairs and courtiers overpowered me with caresses, and eagerly sought my friendship. I was not avaricious, but readily shared amongst my numerous new friends, my fortune, my credit, and my estates. I sold all my lands that I might be able to lend them the interest; I incessantly fatigued my sister to obtain for them the post they desired; and I thought myself amply repaid for my trouble, and ruin, by the extreme gratitude of those I had obliged, by the praises which were shower-



ed on me, and their pretended lively affection.

“ Such friendship and universal homage at last emboldened my sister to have me appointed vizier. This was applauded by all the court; and I saw myself more praised than ever. They already, in anticipation, celebrated the success of my administration; nothing was spoken of but my glory; and as I heard myself so often termed a man of superior abilities, I finished by believing it, and resolved to prove such. I applied earnestly, and employed all my time and judgment in well regulating the affairs of the kingdom, to render it flourishing, and to diminish the burdens of the people. I had hitherto been profuse of my own riches, but I now became avaricious with regard to those of the king. I abolished numerous abuses, and only real merit met from me with reward. I accomplished, nearly at the same time, the doubling of the public treasury, and the abolishment of half the taxes. I hoped by this to justify the good opinion I had gained. I reckoned that this success would render my friends an hundred times happier than myself, but alas! I had no friends. The people began loudly to murmur, and caballed to have me turned out of administration. Those who shared my property were the most inveterate against me, particularly the fakio. This young man, whose fatal advice had been the cause of my coming to

court, and who, as a recompence, I had raised to the dignity of chief of our priests, was at the head of my enemies. The king himself, each day, increased each day in coldness toward me; the greater services I rendered him, the less he liked me; I was detested by the court and the city; every body meditated my ruin; and without the protection of Balkis, my persecutors would have caused me to perish on the scaffold.

*(To be Concluded next week.)*

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### THE LUNATIC.

No. 5.

THERE is a remarkable difference between the characters of the French and English. The vivacity of the one and the sober cheerfulness of the other, form a striking, though not unpleasing contrast.

I was highly gratified the other evening when I found myself in company with a lady of both those nations, who possessed all those national characteristics which belong to either. The beauty and sprightliness of the little mademoiselle served to put me, not only in one of the best humours imaginable, but even communicated to me a part of the spirit which seemed to animate her every limb; and to diffuse such life, good humour and hilarity throughout the whole

circle. By a sort of irresistible impulse. I seemed to have forgotten the dull listlessness of my own country, and to have imbibed a sort of natural liveliness of spirit, which though felt, I was unable to account for. She conversed with the same style of freedom which distinguishes the ladies of that country, while the expression of her countenance, but still more the quick intelligence of her eyes, communicated before she had uttered it, what she would say. The other, tho' wanting the gaiety of the French, yet, was eminently endowed with every quality, that can render a woman amiable and lovely. She possessed a fine comeliness of person, united with much grace and beauty; a mild and gentle disposition, and an understanding that would have done honour to any woman in any situation. Her conversation was interesting and engaging in the highest degree, and what she wanted of the uncommon sprightliness of her rival, was amply made up by the sweet affability of her temper—with these ladies it was my good fortune to be alternatively engaged until the lateness of the hour, obliged us to go to our respective habitations. I parted with no little regret from such agreeable company, and when I had retired to my chamber was insensibly led into a contemplation of their characters. I was equally charmed with both, and it was a matter of no little difficulty to decide, whether I had received greater pleasure from the gay pleasant-

ry of the one, or the sweet sensibility of other. The manners, however, of my own country, which bear so strong a resemblance to those of the English, seemed rather to incline me to prefer the lady of that nation. The pleasure which the diffused, was permanent and lasting, while that of the other, I observed, died away upon the senses, and the sensation grew more faint, as remembrance placed it a greater and greater distance from immediate perception.

From this I am induced to believe that a cheerful disposition, is better suited, than any other, to give uniform and continued pleasure. That which we derive from the sprightly sallies of a gay and lively disposition are more intense but of shorter continuance. The sensation, therefore, is sooner forgotten, and when it has passed leaves the mind under a depression of spirits which always succeeds an universal exaltation of them.

T. F.

To the Editor of the *Ladys Miscellany*.

SIR,

As your paper has an extensive circulation among the ladies, I beg you will publish the following statement, and I hope when it meets the eye of the person for whom it is intended, that the evil I



complain of will be done away, and that I shall be suffered to pursue my business without interruption.

You must know then, sir, that I am a clerk in a compting house, and have resided in this city for two years past, during which time I have been constrained more than once to change my boarding house, solely on account of a body of female starers who lived in the neighbourhood, and who make a point of staring out of countenance every modest youth that passes them.—The last time I changed my quarters I had great hopes of being fairly rid of them, but as my ill luck would have it, one of them settled in the street through which I am forced to pass several times every day, and has for three months poured such a battery of glances from her window at me, that it is seldom I have passed without being more or less disconcerted. It was but the other day, in consequence of one of her *side shots*, that I over-set a man who was crying “hot muffins,” scattered the contents of his basket, ran down a child, and, to end the catastrophe, tumbled myself into the mud. To submit to this in silence is impossible.... What I have to request of you, therefore, is, that you will desire this young lady to desist from such imprudent behaviour; and inform her that if she does not, I have a friend celebrated for his coup d’oeil, who will place himself directly opposite to her window for one

hour each day till she alters her conduct.

Your humble servt.

SIMON SHEEPFACE.

New-York, June 14, 1808.

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(SELECTED.)  
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#### ORIGINAL LETTER OF GEN. LEE’S.

[It is well known that the late Gen. Lee was slovenly and careless in his dress. The beautiful and witty Miss Franks, laughing with some of his officers at the General’s appearance, asserted that he wore green breeches, patched with leather. This was told to the General, who immediately sent the following sportive letter to Miss Franks, accompanied by a pair of breeches.—*Pastime*]

MADAM,

WHEN an Officer of the respectable rank which I bear, is grossly traduced and calumniated, it is incumbent on him to clear up the affair to the world with as little delay as possible. The spirit of defamation and calumny (I am sorry to say it) is grown to a prodigious and intolerable height on the continent. If you had accused me of a design to procrastinate the war, or of holding a treasonable correspondence with the enemy, I could have borne it;—this I am used to, and this happened to the great Fabius Maximus. If you had accused me of getting drunk as often as I could get liquor, (as two Alexanders the Great\* have been char-

\* Alexander Lord Sterling.

ged with this vice,) I should perhaps have sat patient under the imputation. Or even if you had given the plainest hints that I had stolen the soldiers' shirts, this—I could have put up with, as the Great Duke of Malborough would have been an example. Or if you had contented yourself with asserting that I was so abominable a sloven as never to part with my shirt until my shirt parted with me, the anecdotes of my illustrious namesake of Sweden, would have administered some comfort to me: But the calumny you have in the fertility of your malicious wit chosen to invent, is of so new, so unprecedented, and so Hellish a kind, as would make Job himself swear and blaspheme like a Virginia Colonel. Is it possible that the celebrated Miss Franks, a lady who has had every human and divine advantage, who has read (or at least might have read) in their original† the New and Old Testament, (though I am afraid she too seldom looks into the translations) —say, is it possible that Miss Franks with those advantages, and who might, or ought to have read those two good books which an old Welch nurse, whose uncle was reckoned the best preacher in all Mersonithshire, assured me enjoin charity and denounce vengeance against slander and evil speaking: Is it possible I again repeat that Miss Franks should, in

the face of day, carry her malignity so far, as in the presence of three most respectable personages (one of them of the oldest religion‡ in the world, one of the newest, for he is a New-Light Man,§ and the other most probably of none at all, as he is an English Sailor)—I demand it again and again, is it possible that Miss Franks should assert in the presence of those respectable personages, that General Lee wore green breeches patched with leather! To convict you therefore, of the falsehood of this diabolical scandal, to put you to eternal silence (if you are not past all grace) and to cover you with a much larger patch of infamy than you have wantonly endeavoured to fix on my breeches, I have thought proper by the advice of three very grave friends, Lawyers and members of Congress, (accounted excellent judges of the delicate point of honour,) to send you the said breeches; and with the consciousness of truth on my side, to submit them to the most severe inspection and scrutiny of you and all those who may have entered into this wicked cabal against my honour and reputation. I say, I dare you and your whole junto to do your worst. Turn 'em! Examine 'em inside and outside, and if you find them to be green breeches patched with leather, and not actual and legitimate Cherry Vallise, such as

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† Being a Jewess.

‡ Miss Levi.

§ Mr. Edwards, his Aid.



his Majesty of Poland wears, (who let me tell you is a man that has set more fashions than all the Knights of the Mischeanca put together, notwithstanding they are beauties) I repeat (although I am out of breath with repetitions and parenthesis) that if these are proved to be patched green breeches and not legitimate Cherry Vallise, which a man of the first bon-ton might be proud of, I will submit in silence to all the scurrility which I have no doubt, you and your abettors are preparing to issue against me in the public papers, upon this important and interesting occasion : but Madam, "my reputation" (as Common Sense very *sensibly*, though not very *uncommonly* observes) "is already injured in the tenderest point.—I demand satisfaction ; and as you cannot be ignorant of the laws of duelling, I insist upon the privilege of the injured party who is to have his hour and weapons, and as I intended it to be a very serious affair, I will not admit of any seconds, and you may depend upon it, Miss Franks, that whatever may be your spirit and vigour, the world shall never accuse General Lee of having *turned his back on you*.

In the mean time,

I am, &c. &c.

CHARLES LEE.

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It is a profit for young men, and  
a loss for old men to be in love.

## VARIETY.

### ..... ORIGINAL AND SELECTED. .....

It is pretty generally acknowledged, that the dog often reaches to the point of human sagacity : the following instance of maternal courage and affection in a cat is no less deserving of admiration.

A CAT, who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon, about the stable-door ; while she was joining them in a thousand sportive tricks and gambols, they were discovered 'by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barn-yard in expectation of prey ; and in a moment, swift as lightning, darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize ; the battle seemingly became dreadful to both parties ; for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, the keenness of his beak, had for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict ; but puss, no way daunted at the accident, strove with all her cunning agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary : in this state she got him more within the

power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself, apparently with additional vigour, and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimalkin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage ; for, by an instantaneous exertion she laid the hawk motionless at her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory tore off the head of the vanquished tyrant ; and immediately, disregarding the loss of her eye, ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds inflicted by the hawk's talons in its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them, or their affectionate parent.

" Ah ! wanton cruelty, thine hand withhold,  
And learn to pity from the tale that's told :

Caress Felina, for in her we find  
A grand example to instruct mankind  
—Who leaves her young, unguarded,  
or unfed,  
Has far less virtue than this quadruped."

*How to behave like a man.*

First, the retort courteous ; the second, the quip modest ; the third, the reply churlish ; the fourth, the reproof valliant ; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome ; the sixth, the lie with circumstances ; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid,

but the LIE DIRECT ; and you may avoid that too with an IF.

SHAKSPEARE.

—And I say, sir, that whoever thinks as that gentleman does is a liar and a scoundrel.

(A cry of order ! order !)

I repeat it, that whoever thinks as that gentleman thinks, &c.

(Order ! order ! take down his words.)

Again I repeat it whoever thinks &c.

(Order ! order !)

President.—The words are improper and disrespectful, and an apology must be made.

I make an apology ! No, I'll be d——d sooner ! I repeat, that whoever thinks as that gentleman thinks, is a liar and a scoundrel.

President—Then, sir, I must exercise my authority.

O ! must you ! why then ! (I perceive I have gone too far, aside) why then, Mr. President, I only meant that whoever thinks as that gentlemen thinks, is a liar and a scoundrel, if that gentleman happens to think in the same manner that liars and scoundrels do think ; that is to say, if that gentleman be a scoundrel, and thinks like a scoundrel, then whoever thinks with him, may possibly think with a scoundrel, I meant nothing more



upon my honour.—I meant nothing personal, I meant nothing disrespectful.—O Lord ! no—I would not for the world.

President.—Gentlemen, I presume you will see the propriety of accepting this apology. It is the very worst that could be made, but we shall accept it, because you evidently see it is the very best which the gentleman can make ! and I dare say he thinks he has behaved like A MAN !

#### MARRIAGE.

Twelve inducements to marriage, are thus held out by an old author, Jacobus de Voragine.

1. Have you *fortune* ? You have, who can save and augment it.

2. Have you *none* ? You have, who can seek it.

3. Are things *prosperous* ? Your happiness is doubled.

4. *Adverse* ? She consoles, aids, and lightens, by dividing the burthen.

5. Are you at *home* ? She relieves the tedium of solitude.

6. *Abroad* ? She follows your departing with her eyes, desires you when absent, and with joy greets you returning.

7. Nothing is pleasant without society, no society sweeter than marriage.

8. The chain of conjugal tenderness is of adamant.

9. The sweet band of kindred increase ; the number of parents, sisters, grandsons, is doubled.

10. You may be the father of beautiful offspring.

11. The law of Moses execrates the sterility of matrimony ; how much more celibacy.

12. If nature escape not punishment, your will cannot surely avoid it.

The above is fairly a logician's dilemma, and may be turned the other way, perhaps, with equal effect.

1. Have you fortune ? You have, who can spend it.

2. None ? You are more a beggar than ever.

3. Are you in prosperity ? Your happiness is ended.

4. In adversity ? You have made the burthen intolerable.

5. At home ? Heart sick with scolding.

6. Abroad ? Dare be wise, and keep so. She watches you leaving her, ridicules you absent, and shuts the door on your return.

7. No tranquility like solitude ; no solitude like single life.

8. The marriage chain is of adamant ; so much the worse. No hope of freedom, for ever in chains.

9. Thy kindred increase : Look to thy wife's friends !

10. The beautiful offspring may be another's.

11. By the law of Moses, the sterility of marriage was execrable; but an apostle of the gospel of grace, preferred celibacy to marriage itself.

12. If marriage be honourable, how much more single life?

The ladies, as Hamlet says, will *look on this picture, and on this*. Is either like? Or are there not enough in the world, who could have sate for both?

A Lady expressing her surprise on seeing Dr. Parr, at breakfast, cutting slice after slice of a huge gammon of Yorkshire bacon; the Doctor first taking a draught of porter, (which, with a pipe, forms constantly a part of his morning repast) replied—You will not deny madam, that mine is a *literary* breakfast, when you reflect that I am making *extracts from* BACON.

*A club repast.*

EVERY reader may not be acquainted with the true characteristics of good Port. A late publication furnishes the following explanation, which may be serviceable to some landlords in our city.

"They call this *French wine*!" cried one; "but may I come to the stall, if it has ever been in France, any more than the *French roll* I ate for breakfast."

"The port, too," said another,

"the port is villainously bad. Let the master of the house be summoned to appear before us then."

He was consequently called. The complaint being made, the man was very blunt in his reply.

"Bad!" said he, "how can that be? I say, gentlemen, it's good port wine! Isn't it black, and doesn't it make you drunk? What the devil would you have?"

#### QUACKERY.

The following instance of Quackery, is taken from Espriella's Letters.

A Quack of the first water for a long time sent his prescriptions to the shop of some druggists of great respectability. After some months he called there in his carriage, and introduced himself, saying that they must often have seen his name, and that he now came to complain of them, for unintentionally doing him very serious mischief. "Gentlemen," said he, "you charge your drugs too low. As medical men—yourself, you *must* know how much depends upon faith, and people have no faith in what is cheap—they will not believe that any thing can do them good, unless they pay smartly for it. I must beg you to raise your prices, and raise them high too, double and treble what they now are, at least—or I really must send my patients elsewhere." This was strange, and what they were requested to do, was not after the ordinary custom of fair trading; but as it did not



appear that there could be any other advantage resulting to him from it, than what he had stated, they at last promised to do as he desired. This visit led to further acquaintance; and after another long interval, they were persuaded one day to dine with their friend, the doctor. During dinner, the servant announced that a person from the country wished to see the doctor, and thank him for having cured him. "Oh," said he, "don't you know that I am engaged? These people wear me out of my life! Give the good man something to eat and drink, tell him I am very glad he is got well, and send him away." The servant came in again—"Sir, he will not go, he says it is a most wonderful cure—that you have raised him from the dead, and he cannot be happy till he has seen you, and thanked you himself. He is come a long way from the country sir." "Gentlemen, said the doctor, 'you see how it is. I do not know how to get rid of him, unless you will have the goodness to allow him just to come in, and then he will be satisfied and let us alone. This is the way I am plagued!'" In came the countryman, and began to bless the doctor as the means, under God, of snatching him from the grave; and offering him money tied up in a leathern bag, saying it was all the compensation he could make, but if it were ten times as much, it would be too light—the doctor crying, well well, my friend, I am glad to see you

so well, and refusing to take his money. Still the man persisted, and would tell the company his case—he could not in conscience be easy if he did not, and he began a long story, which the doctor first attempted to stop, and then affected not to listen to, till at length by little and little he began to give ear to it, and seemed greatly interested before he had done, and interrupted him with questions. At last he called for pen and ink, saying—"This is so very extraordinary a case that I must not lose it," and making the man repeat it as he wrote, frequently said to his visitors, "Gentlemen, I beg you will take notice of this; it is a very remarkable case:" and when he had finished writing it, he said to them you have heard the good man's story, and I am sure can have no objection to subscribe your names as witnesses.' The trick was apparent, and they begged leave to decline appearing upon the occasion. "Why, gentlemen," said he "you and I had better continue friends. You must be sensible that I have been the means of putting very great and unusual profits into your hands, and you will not surely refuse me so trifling a return, as that of attesting a case which you have heard from the man himself, and can have no doubt about!" There was no remedy, they were caught, felt themselves in his power, and were obliged to submit to the mortification of seeing themselves advertised as witnesses to a cure which they knew to be a juggle.

This same man once practised a similar trick in such a way, that the wit almost atones for the roguery. Some young men of fashion thought it would be a good joke to get him to dinner, and make him drunk, and one of them invited him for this purpose. The doctor went, and left his friend, the countryman, to follow him and find him out: of course it was still better sport for them to hear the case. But the next morning it appeared in the newspapers, with the names of the whole party to attest it.

Sir,—Seeing a paragraph or two in your last number, on jealousy, I enclose you some observations on the same subject.

Jealousy is a disease of the mind, proceeding from a fear which a man or woman entertaineth, that that is communicated to another, which they would not have common but desire to keep entirely to themselves. It is also bred of that kind of love, which will not suffer a partner in a thing beloved.

Jealousy is such a formidable enemy to the matrimonial state, and soweth between the married couple such deadly seeds of secret hatred and contention, that love is often turned by it into extreme hatred, and introduceth envy with bloody revenge in his train.

The jealous man living, dies—none looketh on his love, but suspicion says, this is he that covets to be my rival: none knock at the

door, but starting up, he thinketh they are the messengers of wanton desires; none talk but they whisper affection. If she frown, she hates him, and loves others; if she smile, it is because she has been successful in her intrigues: looks she frowardly on any man, she dissembles; if she favour him with a gracious look, then like a man possessed with a sudden phrenzy, he crieth out, that neither fire in the straw, nor love in a woman's eyes can be concealed; thus doth he live restless, his nights consumed in wakeful thoughts and cares, his days in woe, vexation, and anxiety.

Jealousy in seeking death contemneth it; but finding it repineth thereat; not for enduring it, but because it suffereth him not to outlive revenge.

To trouble a jealous man with advice, is only to augment his pain by adding to his suspicion.

#### THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS.

The height of happiness beyond all doubt, is to enjoy in the same person the delights of love, and the pleasures of friendship; and to find in that same person an affectionate wife and a faithful friend; no other felicity comparable to this, can the present life afford: But—let us say no more.

Love is a blind emotion, which does not always suppose merit in its object; yet it is more flattering



to a handsome woman to be beloved by a man of merit, than to be adored by a fool.

Many women wish to appear lively because they think it gives them an air of youth and wit; but, vivacity, which is not the result of these, only places folly in a more distinguished point of view.

An improper attachment begins by making a man ridiculous, and ends by rendering him contemptible.

Friendship, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely.

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*Amusement.* The circus appears to engage the attention of every class in society to the manifest detriment of the performers at the theatre, who, having laboured in their vocations during six or seven months, find themselves neglected at the period when most they expected public countenance. We are of opinion however, that any failures in the *benefits* should be attributed more to the lateness of the season at which they commenced, than to any other cause.

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#### MARRIED,

On Friday evening last, at Westchester, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Ichabod Brush, to Miss Euphemia Wilkins, daughter of the rev. Isaac Wilkins, rector of that parish.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Bishop, Mr. Edward Doughty, of the house of Samuel Doughty and son, to Miss Eliza S. Taylor, adopted daughter of Samuel Stillwell, Esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. James T. Tallman, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary W. Lawrence, of Flushing, L. I.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Elijah Loomis, printer, to Mrs. Margaret Durham, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, on Thursday the 9th inst. at the Friends' Meeting-house, Mr. Mordecai Lewis, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Mr. James Smith, jun.

At the Friends' meeting, Mr. William F. Fox, merchant, to Miss Charlotte Leggett, daughter of Mr. Thomas Leggett, all of this city.

On the 22nd of March last, by the rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Phineas Freeman, merchant, to Miss Maria M. Giles, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Dominick Lynch, jun. to Miss Margaretta Snippen Lea, of that place.

#### DIED,

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarkson, relict of Mr. David Clarkson, in the 84th year of her age.

On Saturday morning, in the 26th year of her age, Mrs. Harriet Rodman, wife of Mr. John Rodman.

In the 23d year of her age, Mrs. Ann Demilt, wife of Benjamin Demilt.

At Albany, Col. Philip P. Schuyler, in the 78th year of his age.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Maria Marigny, aged 22 years, daughter of Evan Jones, Esq. of New Orleans.



.....

TO THE BEE.

O'er yonder vale, industrious Bee,  
No longer range on busy wing :  
Nor for your golden treasure spoil  
The blowing children of the spring.

No more, when o'er the smiling world  
The sun his early radiance throws,  
Extract the pearly tears of morn,  
That filled the calyx of the rose :

Let the soft lily's virgin pride  
To dread your pilfering kisses cease,  
And let the whiter orange flower  
Breathe its ambrosial sweets in peace.

And let the blushing pink unspoiled  
Guard for the fair its rich perfume,  
That beauty's breast may shew more  
white  
Contrasted with the living bloom.

But on my Laura's budding lips  
Alight with murmurs soft and still :  
Ah ! there your restless wing compose,  
And rob their luscious sweets at will.

There does young Nature's bounteous  
hand  
Rich stores of liquid dew prepare,  
Sweeter than lily, pink, or rose ;  
Fragrance ineffable is there !

Then seek the friends I love, and give  
Of the sweet theft to each a part ;  
But as you deal the precious spoil,  
Be mindful of your stinging dart !

Thy mouth, O happy, happy Bee,  
Shall prove an inexhausted mine  
Of honey pure, of nectar'd joys,  
Of all that's lovely, that's divine !

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MAN who happiness seeks below  
From power, riches, wealth, and show,  
Returns with many a heart felt woe,  
Disappointed.

If to Fame's temple up he hies  
The phantom fame before him flies,  
And the deluded wanderer lies,  
Disappointed.

If bent to Fortune's prosperous brow,  
Where nought he needs, and plenty  
flows,  
There still advancing on he goes  
Disappointed.

HENRY.

*The Retrospect of Life ; or the one  
thing valuable.*

RIGHTS, chance may take or give ;  
Beauty lives a day and dies ;  
Honour lulls us while we live,  
Mirth's a cheat and pleasure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care ?  
Time, and chance, and death our foes ;  
If our joys so fleeting are,  
Are we only tied to woes ?

Let RELIGION answer, No ;  
Her eternal powers prevail  
When honours, riches cease to flow,  
And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH,  
No. 46 Fair-street.